Fig. 2. Dolly. The painted necklace is her ornament for the day.

was the increasing flocks of geese flying over to the east of us to their feeding grounds in the fresh-water swamps at the head of the Paluwiunga River. Since the Superintendent of the settlement had a plan to build a permanent camp for future crocodile hunts near this very spot, this seemed an ideal time for all concerned to make a trip to this area.

As there was a shortage of water transport (only four dug-out canoes and one small motor launch), the main group of twenty men, women, and children was taken in the canoes across Snake Bay the day before and left to "foot-walk" along the coast to the Paluwiunga. The Superintendent and his son went ahead in the motor launch and I followed the next day in "number one" canoe with my chosen companions. I had originally invited my chief informant Dolly and her husband Malony, but they had had a "proper row" a few nights previously and weren't speaking. Dolly would have come alone because the object of this row, her boy-friend, Billy-Two, was going, but public opinion was too strong in view of the very recent objection by her husband, and she begged out of the trip. In their place the choice of Albert and Agnes was obvious. They had been close associates of the expedition and of mine since our arrival. They were a young couple in their early twenties, but recently married, and very much in love—there would be no complicating boy-friend problems with them. But above all, Albert loved to hunt and he was a good man to be with in the bush. He was a quiet, serious young man and very modest about his accomplishments. Because of this he was not a good informant for native lore or customs; he would always refer us to the old men who knew much more than he. However, he was a conformist to these

123 meat, lukewarm tea, and the remains of the fresh bread smothered in jam for dessert.

The sky by this time was growing dark for thick, heavily laden clouds were fast building up. With what light remained from the setting sun we shifted camp to a small hollow in the dunes, free from the prickly seed pods and protected from the wind. Soon it was quite dark and the wind seemed to blow more strongly. Albert, afraid for the safety of the canoe, decided to remove it to the quiet waters of the little creek where Big Jack had found the crabs. Big Jack accompanied him and while they were gone Agnes prepared to make some "damper." She built the fire up again so that the 123 ground would become very hot. While it was burning down she 252 took the bag of flour, opened it, and made a small depression in 372 the contents. Into this hole she poured baking powder, salt, and water from the billy. (Quite often the first two ingredients are H84 omitted.) With both hands still in the bag she worked the mixture into a large lump of dough which she removed and flattened on the outside of the flour bag. By this time the fire had again burned down, and the burning coals were brushed aside and a hole scooped out in the hot sand. The damper, about the size of a large frying pan, was laid in the hole and covered over with more hot sand. "Tomorrow, we make quick breakfast and no stop for lunch," she explained. In about an hour, during which the damper had been turned once, it was removed and the sand brushed from the rough, tough surface. It was then carefully wrapped in a piece of calico and put away in safety.

It was only then that we realized that the men had not returned. 123 Agnes became quite worried, and I must confess I did also. We walked down to the water's edge and called out, but could hear no reply over the roar of the waves, and because of the inky blackness we could see only a few yards. After about ten minutes we returned to the camp and in a brief time both men appeared. Agnes immediately demanded to know why, if they were so close, they didn't answer our calls? Albert insisted that he had replied, so after a while Agnes changed her question to why had it taken them [48] so long? "Water bin come in long way," Albert replied, "I swim out; take long time find him canoe." When one considers that,

12: Goodale E-5 (1954) 1953 OI20 Tiwi OI20

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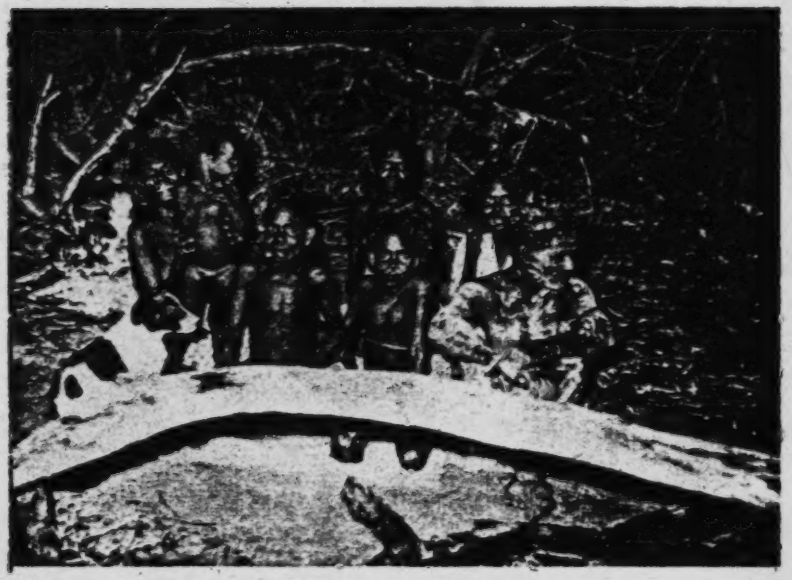

Fig. 12. A Tiwi family camped for the night

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Black Joe, Fat Alice's brother, had given them his eldest daughter in adoption. However, Dennis spent as much time with her propes parents as with her foster parents and it was quite evident that her affection was at least equally divided. Albert went over and managed to bring the screaming, kicking child back to our camp and asked me to give her some of the hard candy which I had brought with me. It was some time, however, before her attention was sufficiently distracted to allow Tuki and the other men to slip away into the canoe to hunt crocodiles for another night. Agnes commented to me, "Let him cry? That white man rule no good. By and by they go silly."

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We strolled back to Black Joe's camp with Dennis, and listened to a discussion concerning the superiority of crocodile hunting over

12:Goodale E-5 (1954) 1957 OI20 Tiwi OI20

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Fig. 20. Althea and Crissy-boy showing me the large snake which Filicy had killed

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262 cooked, with that delicious charcoal-broiled flavor so much sought after in our more elite dining establishments or in our backyards.

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224 Just as we had started our feast the other group arrived and soon had their fire started. Although no overt comparison of each other's catch was made, it was quite obvious that their hunt had been more successful. Besides the half dozen possums and two goanas, they brought over to show us an extremely large water [431] snake about ten or twelve feet long. Shortly, Filicy again came [513] over and presented us with one of their possums. After this tremendous feast, everyone stretched out and went to sleep, rousing only in time to arrive back at Minianapi in time to meet the geese.
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484 All the way back in the canoe, Crissy-boy played with two hairless baby possums, creating quite an uproar as he put them in everyone's hair where they clung with their tiny feet. They died before we reached the shore and were thrown into the water. Althea was
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